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1800

MORAL CONTRASTS:

OR,

THE POWER OF RELIGION

EXEMPLIFIED UNDER

DIFFERENT CHARACTERS.

By WILLIAM GILPIN, *K*
PREBENDARY OF SALISBURY, AND VICAR OF
BOLDRE IN NEW FOREST.

THE SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N:

PRINTED FOR T. CADELL JUNIOR AND W. DAVIES
IN THE STRAND.

1799.

MORAL CONTRASTS:

THE POWER OF RELIGION

DIFFERENT CHARACTERS.



THE SECOND EDITION

PRINTED FOR T. & A. LONDON AND W. DAVIES

TO
Sir HARRY BURRARD NEAL Bart.
MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT FOR LYMINGTON,
AND CAPTAIN OF HIS MAJESTY'S SHIP
THE ST. FIORENZO.

DEAR SIR,
Such is the dissipation of the age,
that to inscribe a book to many
of our young men of fashion,
in which a respectable character
is portrayed, would be esteemed

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an insult. It would be officiously holding up a glass to an ill-favoured countenance. But every one, I am persuaded, who is acquainted with the portrait which I have here prefixed, will think it stands in its proper place.

It is true, you have been known chiefly in a uniform; and have yet had little opportunity of shewing yourself in that useful character of a country-gentleman described, and contrasted in the following pages. But this is one great source of my esteem. I always

DEDICATION.

ways admired you as a seaman: but it was matter of great surprise to me, how a person, who had spent almost his whole life at sea, could possibly, in so rough a school, have formed the pleasing and amiable manners of domestic life.

And yet I cannot forbear telling you how much, even in your naval character, you lately hurt me. When I first heard the report of your gallant action on the coast of France, it appeared to me too much in the spirit of that noble heroism, which would run every

risk of men and ships, without any end, except merely that of giving a glorious instance of British valour.

I might indeed have recollected that firm and composed courage, which has distinguished you on many occasions, particularly at the time of the mutiny; and at the capture of two frigates near the mouth of Brest harbour. My regard for you, however, kept my mind in suspense till I heard all the circumstances of your late action. On finding you had been induced

duced to meet so unequal a conflict to save a crippled ship, of which the enemy would otherwise undoubtedly have taken possession, I saw an instance, at once, of that true courage, which though backward in risking the life of a single man for vain glory, is yet prompt to meet the most formidable danger in a just cause.

It pleased God, my dear Sir, to enable you to repel a force, which, in ships and batteries, I conceive was more than treble your own; and to carry off safely your crippled consort.

May that gracious Providence still continue to preserve you, through all the dangers of your profession, till you can with credit lay aside your uniform, and be a blessing (as I trust you will be) to that country in peace, to which you have already been so great an honour in war!

Among your many friends, my dear Sir, assure yourself, none holds you in more sincere esteem and respect than

Your very affectionate

and obedient humble Servant,

WILL. GILPIN.

VICAR'S - HILL,

May 23, 1799.

P R E F A C E.

SOME time ago I drew up a little contrast between a virtuous and a vicious character, adapted to the lower people; and intended at first merely for the use of my own parish *. It was afterwards printed for sale, at the desire of my bookseller; and as it was better received than I imagined such a trifle could have been, I was induced to complete the plan by an-

* Under the title of John Trueman and Richard Atkins, printed for the late R. Blamire; and now sold by Messrs. Cadell and Davies.

other little work of the same kind, adapted to the higher ranks of people ; to whom I now offer it.

To the two first characters, which are *fictitious*, I have added two others, with a view to *improve the contrast*, and to throw a still stronger light on the power of religion. These two latter characters are taken from *real life*.

The former of them is extracted chiefly from a book intituled " Some passages of the life and death of John Earl of Rochester, written by his own direction, on his death-bed, by Gilbert Burnet, Bishop of Salis- bury."

“bury.”—The *whole* of the Bishop’s treatise, which records many things *not mentioned here*, is well worth the attentive perusal of every one, who would see in a strong light the ascendancy of religion over wickedness.—With the Bishop’s narrative is commonly printed a sermon preached at Lord Rochester’s funeral, which contains many other remarkable particulars. I have extracted some of the most interesting from both.

The other of these little memoirs is the history of a *child of Nature*—a young African prince of the name of Naimbanna, who was sent into
England

England by the Sierra Leone Company, to be instructed in the Christian religion. The materials of this memoir consist partly of extracts from the reports of that Company—and partly of particulars received from those, who kindly took on them the instruction of this young African.

An apology is perhaps due for thus mixing *fiction* and *reality* in the same work. But in *real* characters we cannot always procure the circumstances and positions in life we wish to exhibit. And as to the impropriety of *mixing them*, in fact, I am inclined

clined to consider them all of the same species. The two first of these memoirs do not mean to recommend themselves under the idea of *fiction*; but as *pictures drawn from the life*. If indeed they had been embellished with romantic or unnatural circumstances, they could not certainly have claimed a connection with real life. But I suppose there is not a single incident in these fictions which hath not been exemplified in a thousand instances; though perhaps they never all met together in any two persons.— Nay, perhaps the *fictitious* character is the more *natural* one. The deep repentance

pentance of Lord Rochester, and the ingenuous mind of Naimbanna, which these pages present, are circumstances full as much, I fear, out of the common road of nature, as any, which occur in the two former of these memoirs.

MEMOIRS
OF
MR. WILLOUGHBY
AND
SIR JAMES LEIGH.

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Mr. WILLOUGHBY was the son of a very worthy father and of an excellent mother; both of whom took great pains to impress his mind with an early sense of religion. As he grew up, his father resolved to educate him in a manner very different from the fashionable mode of educating youth. He was afraid of a public school. He was afraid also of a university, either at home or abroad: and still more he was afraid of fo-

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reign travel ; which, in his opinion, afforded little advantage to an English gentleman.

He placed his son therefore at an early age under the care of a neighbouring clergyman, who had no other charge, and of whose piety and learning he was well assured. Under this worthy gentleman young Mr. Willoughby passed several years with great advantage ; making at different times, as his education advanced, excursions for amusement into different parts of the kingdom, sometimes with his father and sometimes with his tutor.

Mr.

Mr. Willoughby, in the meantime, was often taxed with bringing up his son in so reclude a manner. His reply was; he did not think our public schools and universities made religion so much the grand point of education as he could wish. They made human learning, he thought, take the lead too much. Besides, the dissipation of youth in this licentious age made him dread a connection with them. In soberer times he should have been less afraid. "I chuse rather," said he, "to pursue my own method. My first business is to make my son a good christian,

" which will lay the foundation of
 " every thing that is truly useful. I
 " shall then endeavour to qualify him
 " for that station in which Providence
 " hath placed him."

Accordingly, when he was about
 the age of eighteen, the old gentleman
 brought him home; and carrying him
 one day into his study, he seated him
 near his own elbow-chair, and taking
 him by the hand, " My dear Frank,"
 said he, " I am now growing into years,
 " and wish to disincumber myself from
 " the management of my affairs. You
 " are now of an age to assist me: and
 " there is no assistance which a fa-
 " ther

“ther can have so desirable as that
 “of a well-disposed son. Their inte-
 “rests are the same. Besides,” added
 he, “as you are to be bred to your fa-
 “ther’s profession—that of a country
 “gentleman—while you serves me,
 “you will also be learning, if I may
 “so speak, your own trade.”

Nothing could be more agreeable
 to young Mr. Willoughby than the
 idea of being of use to his father.
 He only feared his own inability.
 With the assistance however of an old
 steward, he hoped every thing would
 go on well. With him therefore at
 his elbow, he settled accounts, re-

newed leaves, and eased his father of all trouble, except that of now and then signing his name. And yet he had sufficient time for his books and the indulgence of his taste in the polite arts, of which he was extremely fond, and in which his father greatly encouraged him as a rational amusement.

One thing in which his father employed him was, to pay regularly all his little pensions to poor widows, superannuated labourers, and old servants, of whom he had several on his list.

Among

Among his own labourers, and those of his tenants, it was his custom also, when the parents were deserving people, to allow four guineas a year for every child above three. But when the eldest went out, the fourth was considered as a third. In paying all these little pensions, which were scattered about the country, Mr. Willoughby found no inconvenience, as he made them consistent with his usual exercise on horseback. It was an employment too, in which he found much pleasure, as he was everywhere joyfully received on so kind an errand; and found his own happiness

more and more increased, the more he became the instrument of happiness to others.

In the meantime his father carried him always with him to the sessions, the assizes, and county-meetings, to initiate him by degrees into the knowledge of such affairs as might afterwards engage him. Thus, by training him up in the business of a country gentleman and the various offices of a useful life, he thought he had done more for him than if he had sent him to the best university in Europe. When they came home from any public meeting, the old gentleman

always

always assisted his son in making observations on men and things. If he had observed any gentleman, who had behaved with propriety and was listened to with attention—or any, who had been loud, overbearing, and treated with neglect, he would remark to his son the propriety or the impropriety of every thing he had seen.

While Mr. Willoughby was thus training up an affectionate son in the useful offices of life; and was about to give him more consequence by settling an independence upon him, he was suddenly carried off by a fit
of

(10)

of apoplexy, before his son had yet attained his twenty-second year.

In the neighbourhood of Mr. Willoughby lived Sir Thomas Leigh, whose eldest son was nearly about the age of Mr. Willoughby. Sir Thomas was one of those prudent parents, who blamed exceedingly the recluse manner in which his neighbour Mr. Willoughby brought up his son; and gave a very different education to his own. He thought a knowledge of the world at large was indispensably necessary to a gentleman of fortune. To see the tricks and obliquity of man-

mankind with his own eyes, was the only way, he said, by which a young man could be taught to guard against them. Sir Thomas was what the world called a decent man. He was seldom guilty of any open breach of duty; but he had no great solicitude about religion; and thought accomplishments stood higher in the scale of life than Christian virtues. Under the impression of these ideas he sent his son to a public school, with plenty of money in his pocket to teach him the early use of it. And by the time the young man had gained a very fashionable knowledge in the art of spending

spending it, in which few made a
 greater proficiency, he was sent to the
 university, where he found himself in
 a more enlarged field for displaying
 his abilities. Here he soon became
 so well versed in every polite mode
 of expence, that his father's pocket,
 though it had never been a close one to
 him, began seriously to complain. Sir
 Thomas apprehending therefore, what
 indeed he might have apprehended
 without much sagacity, that Jemmy
 had gotten into bad company, re-
 solved prudently to break his con-
 nections before it was too late.
 He hurried him away therefore im-
 mediately

mediately with a genteel young man, who attended him as a sort of something between a tutor and companion, to a foreign university.

It soon however appeared, that bad company may be found abroad, as well as at home; and that Jemmy had always the address to get acquainted with the worst.

But the most consummate effort of his genius was, to corrupt his tutor; which was a matter of great importance to him: for while he himself was incessant in drawing bills, his trusty friend was equally assiduous in forming plausible excuses. Sometimes
finding

finding gentle fault, sometimes palliating, and sometimes hinting at the young gentleman's better resolutions, he managed with such dexterity, that he kept himself free from all suspicion; and was thus effectually enabled to assist his young friend in completely duping his father.

Sir Thomas however had now found by his banker's accounts, that he had gotten wrong a second time in his ideas of education. He called to mind therefore the old proverb, that *a rolling stone gathers no moss*, and determined that Jemmy should never reside long at any one place; but
 should

should travel from country to country; and so get an enlarged insight into the manners of men, without running any risk himself.

With this view he dispatched a trusty old Swiss servant to accompany him in his travels, with his pocket-book stuffed with recommendatory letters to all the English ministers at the several courts of Europe.

In consequence of these orders the two friends, who were then at Rouen, set out immediately for Paris. From thence they hurried away to Lyons. Turin received them next. There leaving the Alps, they found themselves

selves in Italy, which they traversed from the Po to the bay of Naples. During all these journies, they investigated the manners of different countries in hotels, brothels, gaming-houses, and theatres.—At Naples their career was stopped. Mr. Leigh there received an account of his father's death; which was a joyful note to him, not only as he succeeded to his title and estate; but as nobody now could call him to account.

Thus these two young gentlemen, Mr. Willoughby and Sir James Leigh, inherited their paternal estates nearly
at

at the same time. Mr. Willoughby could spend an income, clear of all incumbrances, of five thousand a year. Sir James Leigh's estate, independent of his mother's settlement, brought him in more than double that sum. The two young gentlemen had been acquainted from their infancy; and now lived within half a dozen miles of each other; but being men of very different dispositions and pursuits, their intimacy, which had never been great, dwindled into a few ceremonious visits.

Their different dispositions began soon to appear. Mr. Willoughby

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following the steps of a judicious father, was in no haste to make any alteration in his house, grounds, or manner of living. What schemes of improvement he had, he prudently considered, before he put them in execution. He thought it judicious also to lay by a little money for these purposes, lest they might involve him in difficulties, from which he could not easily free himself.

In the mean time, none of his father's pensions or charities, which were very considerable, were discontinued. But he paid nothing with so much pleasure as a hundred a year, which

which his father had settled for life upon his old tutor. He would gladly have doubled it; but the old gentleman would not suffer him. “ Be content,” said he, “ my dear Franky,” (which was his common mode of accosting him,) “ be content with what your father has done. He was a very generous man; and if you go beyond *him*, I fear you will exceed.”

While Mr. Willoughby acted this prudent part, his neighbour Sir James set off in full career. He had scarce taken possession of his estate, when he had half the workmen of the

country about him on different projects. But his favourite scheme was a superb pile of stabling, which he built at a vast expence; and then furnished it with a great variety of the best horses, for the road—the field—the race—and the carriage. By the time his stables were completely filled, he had not only consumed all the ready money his father had left him, which was no inconsiderable sum; but was obliged to make up deficiencies by borrowing seven thousand pounds. The yearly expence of this vast establishment of grooms, and horses, to which he added a kennel

nel of hounds, was not so little as eighteen hundred pounds.

In the mean time, as he detested all thoughts of marriage, he seduced from her friends, a beautiful young woman, the sister of a lieutenant of a man of war, whose dependent state as a mistress would free him, he hoped, from all the inconveniencies which he dreaded in a wife. But he had made a few small mistakes, as most people do, who amuse themselves with these licentious calculations. In fact, he knew nothing of her beyond her personal charms; nor had made any observations on her manners

and behaviour. Under a meek and modest demeanor she concealed a very violent temper; and under an apparent simplicity of manners, which indicated a ductile spirit, she possessed a very obstinate and refractory one. Her insolence soon began to appear; and was such, that he was daily more or less disconcerted by it. From the first, it was her object to make herself the entire mistress of his family: and from less proceeding to more, she ordered coaches, and horses when she pleased; she directed his motions to different places; she turned away his servants, and

and even sometimes affronted his company. She had the art however, when she saw she had carried matters too far, to throw in a little soothing submission: and as he was fascinated with her charms, his wrath, though daily raised, was as often asswaged. Every action of her life shewed she despised him: but she knew her power, and though she delighted in teasing, and making him miserable, she still held him in the bonds of enchantment.

Mr. Willoughby's ideas of domestic happiness were very different.

He thought a marriage founded in virtue, mutual affection, and mutual interest, gave him a better chance for happiness, than the loose indulgence of a dissolute passion.

About a mile from his house stood a good old mansion, which had often been used as a jointure-house by the widows of the family. Here Mr. Willoughby's mother chose rather to reside, with an only daughter, than to live with her son. The company he was unavoidably obliged to keep, she thought might be some little intrusion on the quiet of her morning and evening hours, which she generally spent alone

alone in her chamber, over her bible. But though the families lived separately, the distance was so small, that they were generally together.

Miss Willoughby had an intimate friend, a young lady of her own age, of the name of Henneage, who generally spent a part of every summer with her. Here Mr. Willoughby, of course, frequently saw her, and as often admired her. But his behaviour was so very distant, that it was impossible she could take the least notice of it. At length, when he was fully assured of her good qualities, and his own resolution, he ventured to open his

his mind to his mother and sister. He soon found he could do nothing more agreeable to them, than to pay his addresses to Miss Henneage. His sister indeed told him, she always suspected he had an affection for her; "Not," said she, "from any thing I ever observed in your behaviour; but because I thought it was impossible you could look with indifference on so excellent a young woman."

Matters being in this train, Mr. Willoughby left it to his mother to open the affair to Miss Henneage; which she did one evening as the
young

young lady came into her chamber to ask, if she had any objection to her taking a walk with Nancy to the dairy-farm? “I have no objection at all, my dear Lucy,” said Mrs. Willoughby; “and now you must tell me, whether you have any objection to what I am going to ask *you*.”

On mentioning the affair, Mr. Willoughby’s pleasing form, and manly address, and virtues, that were the theme of every tongue, came suddenly rising at once to her imagination: a sort of palpitating confusion overspread her whole frame; and she could answer only with a blush. She was

above

above any coquettish airs : and the old lady needed no other language to convince her, she had seen her son with as favourable eyes as he had seen her. “ Well, my dear,” said Mrs. Willoughby, “ go, and take your walk with your friend ; only don’t stay so late as you did last Wednesday.”

Among other things which passed between the two friends in their evening walk on this important occasion, Miss Henneage said, it had been her secret intention, as she was so well provided for by her father, to lead a single life, and spend her time and fortune,

tune, like her good aunt, in being of service to her neighbours. “ And I “ believe,” said she, “ nothing but such “ a temptation as your brother has “ thrown in my way, could have “ altered my intention.”

Matters being now settled, and Mr. Willoughby pressing for an early day, she said, as she was not yet nineteen, she could not think of changing her state of life till at least two years more had passed over her. To this Mr. Willoughby reluctantly consented, upon condition she would spend that time with his mother and sister. She laughed, and said, she did not ask his consent,

consent, nor thought herself tied by any of his conditions. She was yet her own mistress; and intended to spend the next two years with her good aunt, as she had always done.

As her aunt lived at the distance of thirty miles, this interdict was a severe trial to Mr. Willoughby. But he was obliged to submit; and had only the satisfaction of calling her a cruel, hard-hearted girl. She had the pleasure however to find that her judicious young friend intirely approved her resolution.

But though the two years went heavily on, Mr. Willoughby had the
happi-

happinefs at length to find they had an end. *His* happinefs was the happinefs of the country. When he brought his lady home, the whole neighbourhood was in a tumult of joy. Among other compliments paid him on the occafion, a very elegant copy of verfes was laid, by an unknown hand, upon his hall-table, intituled *Francis and Lucy, or the happy marriage*.

In the mean time, Sir James Leigh was carrying on his *improvements*, as he called them, with a profufion of expence that aftonifhed every body.

If

If you walked near his house, you saw groups of labourers, here, and there, and everywhere, removing ground, widening rivers, building bridges, or employed in other expensive operations; none of which had been well considered, or was conducted with the least taste or judgment; for he had too high an opinion of himself to follow the advice of any one. His projects were all in opposition to nature. He seemed to delight in difficulties. If a piece of rising ground stood in his way, instead of casting about, how to turn it into a beauty, he would immediately order it, though of considerable

able dimensions, to be removed. Such violence is generally esteemed, by all judicious improvers, as absurd as it is expensive.

Within doors he had a large family of ill-governed servants, who, being haughtily treated and ill-paid, had no regard for their master, and made no scruple of paying themselves by every little fraudulent exaction, and by purloining whatever they could lay their hands upon. Every thing without doors was in the same stile of profusion: the waste and pilfering in his stables and other out-houses was enormous.

Money however now began to grow scarce. Borrowing was his first resource. But as he had different modes of spending money, it became necessary to have different modes of procuring it. As one of the easiest, a friend suggested to him the method of borrowing money on annuities; and introduced him to a grave gentleman, who had always money ready to relieve the difficulties of young gentlemen. From this friend of his necessity he could obtain, whenever the hour of distress came upon him, three or four thousand pounds with no more trouble than that of signing his name. Poor

Sir

Sir James, who never looked beyond the pressing exigence, had neither the arithmetic, nor the foresight to calculate how much his estate diminished, as his wants were relieved. The course of things however ran on, notwithstanding his supineness; and at the end of ten years, he found he could not spend annually, out of his large estate, above four thousand pounds. All this however did not open his eyes. He still went blindly on.

His prudent neighbour, in the mean time, had carried on his improvements in a different manner.

He went on slowly ; but at the end of seven years much was to be seen. His father had never shewn any instances of taste, nor had he ever pretended to it. The son had more refined ideas ; but indulged them with great propriety. He not only kept within his abilities ; but by collecting labourers at those times when other work was not easily to be had, he made his improvements answer the double end of advantage to himself and of convenience to his neighbours. Then again by laying out his plans judiciously at first, he had never occasion to alter them afterwards. Many people

people spend as much in altering and undoing as in their original work, which was poor Sir James's case.—He had three times altered the course of a rivulet that ran through his park, and had as often changed the situation of a bridge. And what was singular, his second thought was generally worse than the first; and his third, than the second. The bare alterations, and turning the front, of a *Temple of Fame*, cost him nearly five hundred pounds. The country people gave it afterwards the name of the *Temple of Folly*.—Mr. Willoughby's improvements were chargeable with none of these ill-di-

gested absurdities. What he did, was done.

It was one of his great rules, never to fight with Nature. Her clue guided all his operations. Where she led, he followed: and thus, at the same time, he formed the most beautiful scenes, and saved more than could be easily estimated of the expence which his precipitate neighbour would have incurred by attempting the same thing. Every autumn he made a little addition to his plan; but he meant the full completion of his design to be the amusement of his life. He judiciously considered, that when a plan

plan is finished it often becomes insipid: but a growing work seldom fails to be a constant source of pleasure.

That great error of suffering any single part to swallow up the rest, he avoided. Sir James Leigh had confessedly the grandest stables in the country; but they were the stables of a prince, not of a country gentleman: they were far beyond the scale of his house, or any of its appendages. In Mr. Willoughby's improvements and whole œconomy, you saw nothing but propriety and proportion. No gentleman made a more elegant appearance, rode a better horse, or

had a more genteel equipage. If you entered his house, you saw every thing in the same stile of elegance and œconomy: and if you looked into his stables, you saw a sufficient number of good useful horses; but no superfluous expence. You saw neither race-horse nor hunter. Racing he considered as gambling: and as to hunting, he thought its many disagreeable accompaniments took away from it every idea of an amusement.

As to his servants, many of them were a kind of heir-looms. They had lived with his father, had known him from a boy, and were attached

to

to his interest : while every new servant readily adopted the ways of so orderly a society. Indeed his servants were generally the children of his tenants and labourers, whom he took early into his house ; and advanced as they deserved. From this way of making up his family he said he found great advantage. He had not only his own eye upon his servants, but the eye also of their parents. In the mean time, his service, which was indeed an *inheritance*, was always anxiously sought after. Such of his servants as had lived long with him, had behaved well, as they generally did, and were desirous of settling

settling in the world, he always provided for; procuring for one a place, and giving another a farm. For their reception he had several little tenements scattered about his estate, some of them within the precincts of his park, which he used to call his outposts. "It would be a difficult thing," he would say, "for a trespasser to attack me on any side with so many faithful eyes about me."

Many of these tenements were in sight of his house, his garden, or his park: and they were built and contrived in such a manner, as to adorn several little scenes within his view.

Some

Some of his neighbours thought these tenements would have had a better effect, if they had been built in the form of churches, and abbeys, and castles. But Mr. Willoughby's taste was more simple. He had a great dislike to affectation in every shape; and thought the plain ornaments of nature the most pleasing decorations of a cottage. A tufted grove, a winding road, the banks of a river, or some other natural circumstance, was much more pleasing to him than those pompous trifles which many people admire.

Among

Among servants brought up, and considered in the affectionate manner in which Mr. Willoughby considered his servants, there was nothing of that riot, waste, and profusion, which were endless among the servants at the other house. A careful, old housekeeper, a butler, and a groom, who had long managed his kitchen, his cellar, and his stables, saw to the end of every thing. Thus, although Mr. Willoughby lived as hospitably, as generously, and as respectably as any gentleman in the country, and had made many improvements around him, yet by cutting off all needless expence,

expence, and by introducing strict
 œconomy into such expences as he
 thought needful, he not only lived
 within his income, but he had laid by
 two or three thousand pounds as a
 little fund against emergencies, to
 which every year he added something.
 And if any one mentioned to him his
 acts of bounty or generosity, he
 would say, "Do not tell me of these
 " things. I get scandalously rich, what-
 " ever you may suppose." Indeed he
 used always to assert that what he gave
 made him richer, in a literal sense,
 instead of poorer.

The

The great difference between Sir James Leigh's ideas of expence and Mr. Willoughby's, was this: Sir James denied himself nothing. Whatever foolish scheme came into his head, let the price be what it might, he considered only the immediate gratification.—Mr. Willoughby, on the other hand, denied himself many things, not because he should not have taken pleasure in them, but because he thought them inadequate to the price he was to pay: that is, in short, he considered himself as the steward of heaven's bounty; and thought he should have acted as unjustly

justly towards his great master, if he had lavished that bounty improperly, as his own steward would have done if he had embezzled his rents. *Give an account of thy stewardship*, was a regulating principle with him in all his expences.

If in any amusement Mr. Wicloughby exceeded, it was in the purchase of pictures: and yet in this, he acted with great judgment. If a collector resolved to purchase such pictures only as are curious and capital, he may be led into any expence. But pictures of this kind are often less prized for their excellence than for
the

the master's name or some other circumstance; which has little connection with their real value. Much better pictures may be frequently bought at a lower price, though the connoisseur hath not set his stamp upon them. Among pictures of this second class Mr. Willoughby made his collection. He had a good eye; and furnished his whole house for a sum of money which the curious collector sometimes gives for a single piece. And yet he was not quite satisfied with his expences on this head; though it was the only expensive amusement in which he indulged himself. "I have been
 " look-

“ looking,” said he one day to a friend,
 “ into my picture-accounts, and I
 “ find the pictures in this house have
 “ cost me the shameful sum of one
 “ thousand five hundred and thirty-
 “ two pounds. But my father, good
 “ man ! used to encourage me in these
 “ expences ; and perhaps his encou-
 “ ragement may have carried me too
 “ far.”—This self-conviction did not
 arise in any degree from his incur-
 ring an expence that was inconve-
 nient to him ; but merely from the
 fear of having spent on an amusement
 what might have been spent on a
 more proper occasion.

Several of his apartments had been adorned in his father's time with family-pictures. But they were such miserable representatives of some very respectable people, that Mr. Willoughby used to say, when he looked at them, they belied every anecdote he had ever heard in their favour.

He did not however send his family-pictures, as many do, into a garret; but hung them up in a large room, which he dedicated to the *Manes of his Ancestors*. This room he contrived to make one of the most interesting apartments of his house. Though the pictures were bad, the frames were rich;

rich; and made a splendid appearance. Each portrait was numbered; and these numbers referred to a book which lay on a table covered with green cloth in the middle of the room. In this book he gave a modest account of all the persons, men and women, who were assembled on the walls; which accounts he prefaced by saying, that “as many of these persons had
 “deserved better treatment than they
 “had found from the hands of the
 “artists who had pourtrayed them,
 “he had endeavoured with filial piety
 “to his ancestors, to make up the
 “deficiency.”——The following in-

stance will shew the manner in which
he drew up these short accounts.

No. IX.

“ This gentleman, who, from the
“ whimsical manner in which the
“ painter has furrounded him with
“ birds, might be taken for a bird-
“ catcher, is Mr. Willoughby the
“ ornithologist, son of Sir Francis
“ Willoughby (No. VIII.), who hath
“ just been mentioned. At the age
“ of thirty-seven, at which he died,
“ he had attained more learning and
“ knowledge in various branches,
“ especially in natural history, than
“ almost any man of his time. And
“ what

“ what is still more, he hath ever been
 “ looked up to by his grateful poste-
 “ rity as a pattern of virtue.—See
 “ his works in the library (S. 15. 7.),
 “ and an account of him by his friend
 “ Mr. Ray, the celebrated naturalist,
 “ who revised and published them.
 “ Mr. Ray, in his preface to his Orni-
 “ thology, says, *What rendered Mr.*
 “ *Willoughby most commendable, was*
 “ *his eminent virtue and goodness. I*
 “ *cannot say, that I ever observed such*
 “ *a confluence of excellent qualities in*
 “ *one person.* Mr. Ray then enume-
 “ rates the several *excellent qualities,*
 “ which he had observed in him.”

Thus Mr. Willoughby had the ingenuity to turn a number of bad pictures into a set of very entertaining companions. For as the persons they represented, had figured in various professions of life, and many of them very reputably, he had collected from tradition, letters, and family-records, several amusing anecdotes of most of them.

With three of these pictures he was a little perplexed. Two of them were by Vandyck, and the third by Sir Peter Lely: and as all the three were good, he was inclined to make them the ornaments of one of his best
apart-

apartments. But on consideration, he hung all together, and graced the bad with the good.

Of taste, in any shape, except the most gross and sensual, Sir James Leigh had no idea. Of books he knew nothing. He was totally illiterate, and in every branch of science entirely ignorant. His knowledge indeed never rose higher than to qualify him for the company of grooms and stable-boys. He valued himself however greatly on his intimacy with the polite arts, though it went no farther than that kind of insipid prattle which

distinguishes a coxcomb. At the same time, among his other follies, he was at great expence in discovering his want of taste, by costly purchases of no value, which designing men imposed upon him as curious works of art.

The conversation of a person thus qualified could never be relished by any who had the least pretension to taste, or knowledge, or any thing commendable. The company that frequented his house were the spend-thrifts, the horse-racers, the gamblers, and other profligate young fellows of the country. Their table-conversation was commonly made up
of

of the occurrences of the last horse-race, the last cock-fight, or the last hunting-match, perhaps at what tavern such a dish was best dressed, or where the best wine of such a kind was sold. The brothel too was a common theme among them. And all this conversation was larded with oaths, profaneness, and obscenity. Loud debates too on these important subjects would often ensue, many clamouring at once, while others were singing filthy songs and catches, till, as the hour grew late, and bottle after bottle had been called for, all this horrid din sunk by degrees into the beastly stupidity of intoxication.

All

All such intemperance and irregularity, though not immediately felt in a young constitution, will sap it by degrees : and Sir James found, before he was forty, that his vicious pleasures, and common modes of life had even then begun to call him to a severe account.

In the meantime all those disgusting scenes, which were acted in the parlour, were acted over again in the servants' hall ; where they were heightened, if possible, with still more abominable brutality.

To all this Mr. Willoughby's family was a direct contrast. He was
rather

rather a retired man himself, and not fond of company. But his station in life brought many people about him; though he mixed freely with those only who were men of approved character. With these he was always on the best terms. The clergyman of the parish, who was a religious and sensible man, and about his own age, was much his companion. Besides him, there were a few more men of letters in the country, with whose elegant and instructive conversation he always mixed with great pleasure. But when the discourse did not turn on literary subjects, nothing was ever heard

heard at his table, that was not at least innocent, cheerful, and good-humoured. In speaking of others he was particularly guarded. Before his common acquaintance, or his servants at meals, he never spoke freely of the characters of any of his neighbours; well-knowing that expressions are often misrepresented, and that offence is given by the indiscreet repetition of what in itself perhaps might have no bad meaning.

To all this his neighbour Sir James Leigh was a direct contrast. He was always talkative and noisy. But the
topic

topic in which he took most delight was the abuse of his neighbours. He would treat their characters in the freest language, and before any one who happened to be present : and his virulence being often officiously carried where it would do most mischief, raised him enemies without number.

At Mr. Willoughby's table the conversation often turned on modes of easing the distresses of the poor, and of adding to their comforts. Most of the benevolent schemes carried on in the parish, of which there were many, took their rise at Mr. Willoughby's table.

At

At such a board, it may easily be imagined, no irregularity could be admitted. Mr. Willoughby himself lived with that temperance and sobriety which all wise men would practise even on worldly motives, though they did not consider those virtues in the light of Christian duties. And in his company no man, if he were even inclined, durst exceed. Saints are commonly painted with a glory round their heads. A sort of splendid atmosphere somewhat of this kind surrounds good men, within the influence of which nothing indecent dare approach.

The

The amusements of the family were as rational as their conversation. Mr. Willoughby's library was a room for use, not for shew. It was adorned with globes, maps, and other suitable appendages. He spent much of his time among his books. Cards were never seen in his house; an aversion to which he inherited from his father, who always thought them the most insipid of all amusements. A game at chess he would sometimes play with the vicar; which was commonly a sharp contention between them; and often drew on more eagerness than Mr. Willoughby liked; each having
the

the vanity to think he was the better player.

In summer also bowls were much in fashion; in which Mr. Willoughby was superior to all his antagonists. The gentlemen who commonly frequented his green used to laugh, and say they would vote him out of all their matches, for they were sure he exercised himself with his bowls alone. — And this indeed was true enough: for it was his usual practice, when he found himself languid at his book, to step out at a back-door in his study, which opened near the bowling-green, and refresh himself there with a little exercise.

But

But his amusements of every kind were moderate and rational; and his servants having no examples before them but what tended to their improvement, fell naturally into all those modes of quietness, regularity, and civility which appeared so amiable in their master; whose endeavour they plainly saw was to make them happy, and gratify them in every thing that was proper for them.

The employment and amusements of the neighbouring family were very different. Sir James Leigh acted like a man who thought a large fortune

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had

had been given him merely to spend in different modes of dissipation. Gaming was his predominant passion. Nothing ingrossed his thoughts so much: nor were any visitors so welcome at his house as those who were addicted to cards and dice.

Cards and dice likewise descended into the servants' hall, where the spirit of gaming, only in a lower stile, reigned with all its associate passions, as much as in the parlour.

But his gaming in the country was comparatively mere *amusement*. In town it was a *business*. At home he played generally with his equals; and
though

though the practice was vile, it was seldom ruinous. But when he went to London, and became a *cully* (as all young adventurers are) in the hands of *professed masters* in the art of gaming, it was dreadful indeed. And though it would be as difficult to persuade these *professors* to relinquish an art by which they live, as it would be to persuade their brethren of the road to lay aside their crape and pistols; yet one should suppose so many fatal examples might have some weight with the poor *cullies* who are drawn into their snares. They should recollect

the cautious answer once given to another plunderer ;

——— *Nos vestigia terrent*
Omnia te adversum spectantia, nulla retrorsum.

Poor Sir James was a *cully* of the first order. His servants used to give out, they had rare doings at their house in London. Their master was generally all day in bed : and their mistress was seldom at home. Indeed Sir James commonly spent his nights in a gaming-house ; and retired to bed about sun-rise.

The same happiness which reigned among Mr. Willoughby's *servants*
 was

was diffused among his *tenants*. With them he lived upon the easiest terms. When an old tenant renewed his lease, his rent was never raised, unless some improvement in the land made the reason evident, and the tenant himself saw the propriety of it. It was Mr. Willoughby's great pleasure to see all his tenants thrive under him; and to be of service to such as had large families by assisting the parents in providing for them. In cases of unavoidable misfortunes, he would often forgive rents: and in cases of less urgency he had provided a fund, from which he lent small sums without interest,

either to repair some little loss, or to purchase with advantage at a good market.—When a tenant or a labourer died, he had especial regard to the widow and family, which he considered as a trust devolved upon himself, if their circumstances required it. If the widow chose to keep the farm, his steward or himself was always ready to give his advice or assistance.—Besides these open instances of kindness, he was continually doing acts of unknown generosity: and in short was considered, wherever his connections extended, as a kind of centre, which drew to it the difficulties and

and distresses of the whole neighbourhood around him.

One indulgence he gave his tenants, which was of no solid advantage indeed, but very gratifying. He allowed them all to kill game upon their own farms; but he allowed this liberty only to the tenant himself, not to his servants. And he used to say, he believed he was a gainer by it: for the tenant thus interested kept off poachers, and was careful to preserve the game. Whereas, among Sir James's tenants, it was not an uncommon thing, when any of them found a nest of eggs in their fields to crush

them. "We have no advantage," they would say, "from the birds ourselves, why should we feed them for others, especially for such a landlord as ours?" In the mean time, Mr. Willoughby's table was plentifully supplied. One or other of the tenants was continually sending him, in the season, a hare, or a pheasant, or a couple of partridges: and when he wanted game, on any emergence, his gamekeeper could easily get intelligence where to find it.

It was his great pleasure, when he rode out, to call on one or other of his tenants, to whom he had always
some-

something to say that was pleasing, or something to propose that was useful. In short, he considered them as a part of his family; and was beloved and popular among them, beyond what can be imagined.

Very different was the intercourse between Sir James Leigh and his tenants. Nothing pleasing ever passed between them. The steward and the attorney were the only agents. Rents were raised.—Instant payments were demanded.—Misfortunes were never considered.—Seizures were made.—Guns and dogs were taken away.—

Every

Every thing was managed with harshness. He never wished to conciliate people by acts of kindness; but to draw them to his purposes by acts of oppression.—An honest farmer, who lived in my neighbourhood, gave me the following relation.

“ A few years ago,” said he, “ I
 “ rented a little farm under Sir James
 “ Leigh. He was then very busy with
 “ his hounds: though I believe now,
 “ poor man! that matter, as well as
 “ others, are pretty well over with
 “ him. However he then kept two
 “ packs of different kinds; and used
 “ to put out the young hounds among
 “ his

“ his farmers and tenants. Two of his
“ fox-hounds were appointed for me.
“ But as I had young children, and
“ did not much like such company
“ among them, I sent them back to
“ his huntsman with a civil excuse. I
“ was told I should suffer for it : and
“ indeed I did. He let his fences go
“ down in some grounds which bor-
“ dered on a large meadow of mine,
“ the only one which I intended for
“ hay. I complained over and over,
“ that his cattle were continually tref-
“ passing in my meadow ; but I could
“ get no redress. I am sure he let his
“ fences go down on purpose ; and I
“ lost

“lost more than ten pounds that year
 “by the mischief that was done me.
 “After this, I believe nobody durst re-
 “fuse his hounds.—He served another
 “of his tenants, John Ellis,” con-
 tinued the farmer, “the same kind
 “of ill-natured trick. What Ellis
 “had done to disoblige him I forget:
 “but I am sure it must have been some
 “trifling thing; for Ellis was as good
 “tempered a man as any in England.
 “Whatever it was, however, Sir James
 “took high offence, and shewed his
 “revenge by locking up a gate (over
 “which unhappily the lease had left
 “him a power) that led to the farmer’s
 “yard.

“ yard. By this piece of tyranny he
“ obliged poor Ellis to carry his loaden
“ waggons a mile and a half about.”

Thus, in short, the landlord and tenants were always in such a state of war and disagreeable fermentation, that while Mr. Willoughby's farms were all well let, and half a dozen candidates appeared for every one that was vacant, Sir James had the mortification to hear that several of his best farms were untenanted. They were of course managed by his steward and attorney, who being ill-paid, took good care to pay themselves ; so that after the farms had passed through
their

their hands, they produced little or nothing to the landlord. The only solace he had, on these occasions, was to curse his people all round, and swear he was beset on all hands by a pack of rogues and rascals, and that he did not believe there was a grain of honesty on the face of the earth.

The intercourse also of these two gentlemen with their tradesmen was as different as every other part of their conduct. Nothing could be more unpunctual than Sir James Leigh. He never sent for a bill; and when it was sent to him, no notice was taken of it. When the tradesman

com-

complained, he was told the bill had been mislaid, and was ordered to send another; or he was told that several articles were charged in so extraordinary a manner, that it would take some time to look them over. The truth was, no money could be found, especially for such purposes.—Sometimes indeed, when he had had a run of ill-luck at play, he was put to all his shifts even to procure a few guineas. In the mean time some of his tradesmen would hasten payment by attorneys' letters, and others would refuse to serve him longer.

All

All this gave him little distress. He had no regard for any thing in which honour, or honesty, or even bare decency was concerned. He had as little for his own interest, which suffered at all points by thus putting himself entirely into the hands of others, and disabling himself from either rectifying a mistake or guarding against a fraud. In short, if he could dexterously evade the pressing moment, it was all he desired.

In the mean time Mr. Willoughby's affairs were managed with the utmost regularity. He knew the con-
tents

tents of each bill, and could easily check an improper charge.—Very exact people are often solicitous to pay all their bills at the end of every week, or some other short period. But such rigid punctuality is sometimes inconvenient to tradesmen; who rather wish, when their money is safe, to let it lie till they have occasion to use it. Of this Mr. Willoughby was aware: and wishing always to accommodate himself as much as possible to the convenience of others, he desired all his tradesmen to send in their accounts when it was most agreeable to themselves. They

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should

should be answered immediately. Only for his own convenience he desired that none of them might stand out longer than half a year.

But the most essential difference between these two gentlemen was in the article of religion. In Mr. Willoughby's family you immediately saw you were in a Christian country. That beautiful simplicity and decorum of manners, which may be called the garb of religion, might be seen in every part of it: and the more you were conversant in it, the more you saw of its religious deportment. Every morning

morning and evening the bell rang for prayers. Whether company was in the house or not, it made no difference. Ceremony to man was never suffered to interfere with a duty to God. Religious books were often read. Bibles and other good books were seen lying on parlour-windows and tables; and it was thought no impropriety to converse on religious subjects. Sunday was strictly observed. Mr. Willoughby and his family, with as many of the servants as could be spared, went regularly to church, the sacrament was frequented, and great care was taken to keep up

a religious impression among the servants. Sunday was never a day of invitation and company. The servants therefore had as much respite as possible from the business of the parlour, the kitchen, and the stable.

As to Christianity in Sir James Leigh's family, it was out of the question. There was not even the least sign of religious decorum. You could not distinguish Sunday from any other day. Cards, and gaming, and drinking, were indiscriminately practised. The servants followed the example of their master; and if any
of

of them was better disposed, and shewed the least degree of seriousness, he was immediately laughed out of it. Sir James's house indeed lay under so bad a name, that no young persons, either men or women, who had any regard for their characters, would live there: so that in fact it was filled with such servants only as nobody else would hire: nor indeed would any decent person hire a servant that had lived in so disreputable a family.

While Mr. Willoughby led the respectable life we have seen in his own neighbourhood, and was beloved

wherever he was known, an event came on, which shewed he was equally respected throughout the county. At the general election a candidate offered himself, by no means acceptable to the general sense of the freeholders. But as nobody opposed him, he must of course be elected. In this dilemma the gentlemen of the county threw their eyes on Mr. Willoughby, as a popular man, of good fortune, of an established character, of an ancient family, long seated in the county, and every way the most likely to draw the esteem of all parties. Mr. Willoughby told them he was not ambitious of
 serving

serving in parliament; but at all times attentive to the interests of the county. As he thought it imprudent however to risk his fortune in a contested election, he hoped they would excuse his stipulating for support. On this head he was made perfectly easy; but at the same time assured, that if he would only declare himself all opposition would cease. This assurance was well founded. It was no sooner known that Mr. Willoughby offered himself, than the unanimous voice of the county appeared in his favour—the offensive candidate declined, and Mr. Wil-

loughby was elected at the trifling
 expence of two hundred pounds—
 even which, the gentlemen of the
 county were desirous to pay, if he
 would have suffered them.

When he was in the house he was
 respected by the minister, and often
 voted with him, though he sometimes
 voted against him. From all favours
 he kept aloof; considering them as
 bribes, which were in some shape to
 be repaid. This disinterested conduct
 gave him so much credit in the house,
 that all the young members, who had
 not addicted themselves to party, but
 meant honestly to their country,
 thought

thought they could not do better than look up to Mr. Willoughby, and in all questions to follow his lead.

At the time when Mr. Willoughby was thus complimented by the gentlemen of his county with a seat in parliament, (which by the way they would never allow him afterwards to relinquish, till age made it a burden to him,) Sir James Leigh in the neighbouring county received as great an affront. He was exactly in the case of the offensive candidate who had been antagonist to Mr. Willoughby, having obtruded himself against the
inclina-

inclination of all the leading gentlemen of the county, by whom he was thoroughly despised. A warm opposition was immediately set on foot. With his usual folly and disregard to consequences, he obstinately persevered; and was at length disgracefully thrown out, after he had spent, at the lowest calculation, twenty-five thousand pounds.—This was a heavy stroke upon his affairs, already greatly in the wane. He sought parliament indeed only as an asylum; or, if possible, to better his fortune: but by this unsuccessful attempt, he found his difficulties doubly increased. Some of
his

his best tenements and farms had already been disposed of to silence his creditors, rather than to pay them. The best part of his estate was deeply mortgaged; and all his timber was cut down and sold. Many thousand trees were felled, which were still in a growing state. In short, his extravagancies of various kinds had run him quite aground; and this last election affair had almost completed his ruin.

Another disagreeable business also happened soon after the election. Sir James's mother had a settlement upon his estate of two thousand pounds a year,

year, which had never been regularly paid. But at this time the arrears were very large. Having made many ineffectual demands, she called upon him one morning; and after much heat and passion on both sides, she left him with a threat to put the affair into her lawyer's hands; which she did soon afterwards, and obliged him to pay near eleven thousand pounds, which he found it very difficult to procure.

More than twenty years had now elapsed since these two gentlemen had taken possession of their estates. During

ring the first six or seven years we have seen Sir James carrying on such immense works as astonished every body. But they had all long since been discontinued. One foolish project after another had subsided. Nothing was finished. The whole compass of his intended improvements was now a scene of wild, expensive desolation. What he had *done*, and what he had *undone*—what he had *begun*, and what he had yet only *planned*, were all blended together in one mass of confusion.

In the mean time Mr. Willoughby's improvements, which had gone on leisurely,

leisurely, had now attained great perfection. His trees were well-grown; and he had the satisfaction to see the plan, which he had originally formed with so much judgment, now opening more and more into scenes of beauty. Every thing was in excellent order: his trees and his shrubs were healthy: his lawns and his walks perfectly neat. It was easy to see the hand which had executed all this elegance was still extended over it.

His farms too, and all the *profitable* parts of his estate, were in the same excellent order. While poor Sir James had not a farm-house that was
not

not almost in ruins, Mr. Willoughby's estate was a model of regularity and good management. It was one of his great pleasures to see his tenants under good roofs; and he thought nothing was lost by making every thing convenient. What timber he cut down was only such as called for the ax; and in its room he planted thousands of trees all over his domains, wherever wood could possibly grow with advantage—in the corners of fields particularly; which mode of planting, if it be managed properly, turns a field into a lawn.—By judicious persons it was calculated, that by planting, draining,
and

and other improvements, he had increased the value of his estate, since he had taken possession of it, at least fifty thousand pounds. And though he seldom raised his old tenants, yet in his new leases, though they were always moderate, he added several hundred pounds to his yearly rental.

The last event of Sir James's career was the most miserable of all. The woman with whom he lived was now become intolerable to him. Indeed she had been one cause, and no inconsiderable one, of the ruin of his affairs. Her debts, which he had
twice

twice paid, amounted to sums of consequence. Her very dress required the rental of a good farm to support. Nothing was too expensive for her. In short, she was the very genius of prodigality. Her girls also (for she had five) vied in finery with the first-rate misses in the country: though in the article of education, it must be allowed, an entire saving had been made.

While her youth and beauty lasted, she knew how to assuage any tumult she might have raised; and long therefore continued to reign the entire mistress of his family. But five-and-twenty years, joined to an irregular
H life,

life, had now effaced her charms. Her elegant form was become heavy and bloated. Her fine complexion was grown red and pimpled. She had lost several of her teeth; and the natural violence of her temper, having chased away all the rosy smiles and dimples of youth, had taken stern possession of all her features. As the means of soothing therefore were gone, a continued scene of quarrel, animosity, and bitterness ensued. What was at first only dislike on one side, had now changed into a thorough disgust on both.

Sir

Sir James had long wished to rid himself of this incumbrance: but she had such an ascendancy over him, at first by her beauty, and afterwards by the violence of her temper, that he never could, indeed he never durst, propose it. Wearied at length however by her extravagance and provoking insolence, he determined, at all events, to rouse himself, and throw off an evil, which was now beyond all sufferance. He told her therefore plainly that he would keep her in his house no longer, and that she might repair to such a place (a house of his own in a distant village),

where she should find he had not left her destitute.

No mad heroine on the stage could display more fury than she did on this occasion. “What! after seducing her, and robbing her of her innocence, did he mean to turn her out of his house? Was she and her poor girls to go begging about the country?—No: she vowed revenge. She did not set her own life at a farthing in comparison with her revenge: and if he dared to mention such an insult to her again, she would shew him what an injured and enraged woman could do.”

Soon

Soon afterwards her brother the lieutenant appeared upon the stage. He entered the house rudely, and without any ceremony, told Sir James in a surly tone, that he should find his poor injured sister had a friend, who would revenge her wrongs if he attempted to use her ill. And to impress his menace more strongly, he was often seen from the parlour windows swaggering about the park with his hat fiercely cocked and a long sword by his side, as if he was ready to be called in on the first summons.

No poor wretch was ever so miserably harassed as Sir James. His

misfortunes (or rather his *distresses*, for they were all of his own bringing on) had now sunk his spirits, and totally unmanned him. He needed not such a spectre always before his windows to keep him within. Duns, and writs, and jails were frightful ideas, and always in his thoughts. If he went to the door he feared a bailiff in every bush.—As to the affair of the woman, he determined to make up matters as well as he could; and submit again to that tyranny which he could not throw off; though he feared it would now be more insufferable than ever.

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In a few months afterwards however he was relieved, as far as getting rid of this nuisance could relieve him. While she lived with him, though totally negligent of *his* affairs, she had been very intent on *her own* : and had secured a good purse for herself; which, in the wreck of his fortune, she found no very difficult matter. But when she now saw there was nothing more to be had, she had no inclination to stay longer; and took an opportunity early one morning to disappear, carrying the family-jewels with her, which she would never suffer him to dispose of, and what else of value she

could easily pack up. Her brother waited for her with a chaise at the park-gate; and where they went, nobody could tell.

The next day however Sir James received a note from her, intimating that, “ As she found he had lost all affection for her, she would no longer distress him with her presence. Nor would she intrude farther on his bounty. The little things he had given her would sufficiently maintain her: only she begged he would, for her sake, take a fatherly care of the poor children she had left him.”—Three of them, now
young

young women, (poor uneducated creatures,) were growing up to be as great plagues as their mother had been. What to do with them, and what to do with himself, were matters of distraction to him.

But the jewels were his first concern. As they were very valuable, and what he had looked on as his last stake, he determined to pursue her with a warrant. But his attorney told him, that considering how things had been circumstanced between them, and that she had often been seen with those jewels about her in public, he much doubted whether he could re-
cover

cover them, even if he should be able to find her. He was obliged therefore to desist.

At length, having sold his last unfettled acre, and collected from the wreck of his affairs all he could, he gave his poor girls little more than was just sufficient to keep them from starving; and with the rest he endeavoured to find a refuge abroad from the distresses he suffered at home.

All these evils he had brought upon himself, together with the total ruin of his constitution before he had attained the age of forty-seven.

What

What became of him afterwards was never certainly known: but it was commonly supposed he ended his days in some obscure part of Italy or Switzerland.

During the several years that Sir James Leigh was thus harassed with an imperious woman whom he detested, but could not shake off, Mr. Willoughby was enjoying the full happiness of domestic comfort. He had married a lady every way deserving of him. They had but one mind between them, which was centred in making each other happy; and in diffusing

using happiness as far as they could around them. The first object of their care was the education of their little family; and they had the satisfaction to see them grow up with every hopeful appearance.

As their eldest son advanced towards manhood, the old people of the parish used to say, he put them much in mind of what his father had been at his age. He was the same engaging youth, with his auburn hair hanging in curls about his shoulders—modest, civil, and obliging to every body; and most pleased, when he had the power given him of pleasing others.

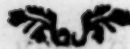
He

He married, as his father had done, early in life; and equally to the satisfaction of his parents. On this event his father settled an estate of two thousand a year upon him; and put him in possession of that house which his grandmother had formerly occupied.

Mr. Willoughby was now happy in his grandchildren. Seldom a day passed in which two or three of them did not come to play upon the lawn before his study windows; and would run in, one at a time, to deliver some message from mamma; or to ask for one of his sticks to ride upon.

Mr.

Mr. Willoughby lived many years after his son's marriage, with a greater share of felicity than happens to most men. He was happy in himself, in his fame, in his fortunes, in his children, and above all, in his excellent Lucy, who doubled all his pleasures, divided all his cares, and lessened all his pains.



MEMOIRS
OF
JOHN WILMOT,
EARL OF ROCHESTER.

MEMOIRS

OF

JOHN WILLIAMS

BY THE REV. J. W. WILLIAMS

JOHN WILMOT, Earl of Rochester,
in Charles the Second's reign, pos-
sessed more the graces of an elegant
person, was better bred, and was more
lively and agreeable in conversation,
than almost any man of his time.
While his manners made him uni-
versally engaging, his parts and know-
ledge introduced him to men of genius
and letters. He was fond of reading,
and found one of his greatest pleasures
to arise from increasing his knowledge.

His disposition too was naturally good. He was well-natured, obliging to every body, and never backward in serving a friend.

He finished his education abroad, under the conduct of a very worthy tutor: and brought home with him a greater variety of just observations on men and things than most young men are able to collect.

To his other accomplishments he added the splendor of military glory; having served twice with the Earl of Sandwich, as a volunteer in the Dutch war, with great reputation.—And what gave a polish to all his accomplishments—

complishments and good qualities, was the unassuming modesty of his behaviour. He himself was the only person who appeared unconscious of the superiority of his parts and knowledge.

Thus qualified, he was fatally introduced to the licentious court of Charles the Second, who made him one of the gentlemen of his bedchamber and ranger of Woodstock park.

The life of a courtier gave a new turn to his ideas. He became the idol of all the gay, the profligate, and unprincipled young people with whom that court abounded. His manners

were so engaging, and his wit and humour so entertaining, especially when a little enlivened with wine, that he was continually beset by those, who watched every opportunity of enjoying his company.

Though Lord Rochester had a taste for literature, he soon also felt a taste for pleasure, which in the end destroyed every principle of virtue.—In the early part of his life he had a relish only for the company of men of genius, sense, and learning. But court manners rendered him less nice. He was frequently obliged to mix with trifling, illiterate, and vicious people: and
finding

finding he could unbend himself among them, and be perfectly at his ease, he began to find a relish in their company, and by degrees to like no other company so well.

Thus entered among profligate people, he soon became eminent. As he was superior to all his companions in wit and genius, he soon outdid them all likewise in every kind of depravity. He gave a loose to his appetites, and courted pleasure in every form. During five years of his life he confessed he was hardly ever in such a state as could be called perfectly sober; and in this time was guilty of a

thousand strange extravagancies. He would go about the country in various shapes, seldom without some profligate intention, chiefly in pursuit of some low amour. But whatever character he assumed, a farmer, a sailor, a razor-grinder, a beggar, or any other, he acted his part in every disguise so incomparably well, that if he had met even an intimate friend, as he frequently did, he would pass undiscovered, and would afterwards tell his friend some circumstances of his life, which the other thought he could only have known by witchcraft. Once being obliged to keep out of the way, he

he became a mountebank on Tower-hill, and was enough acquainted with phyfic to delude the populace into an opinion of his wonderful abilities. In this profession he used to say he could have made a very comfortable subsistence if he had wished it.

Nor was he more abandoned to the indulgence of his appetites, than loose to every principle of common honesty. Pleasure was his only pursuit. This led him into expence; expence produced necessity; and necessity, dishonesty. Professions of esteem to those whom he mortally hated, and intended, under the colour of friendship, to ruin;

if he could; unmeaning oaths and vows in his addresses to women; tricks put upon tradesmen and creditors to deceive and cheat them, with a variety of other dishonest practices, were common with him. In short, no man ever gave himself up to pleasure with more eagerness, was less restrained by principle in the pursuit of it, was better qualified to procure it, or had a higher relish for the enjoyment of it when procured.

But one great obstacle still obtruded itself on these joyous pursuits. Though he had not principle enough to restrain his actions, he had enough to
alarm

alarm his conscience. Mere morality he was able to manage pretty well; were it not for its inconvenient connection with religion. It was necessary for him therefore to reason down a variety of troublesome reflections; and with this view he had gotten together all the common-place arguments he could invent or collect; many of them taken up from those whom on any other subject he would have despised.

It cannot be supposed that a mind so full of intelligence could easily be divested of every idea of religion. The being of a God he allowed. He
said

said he never could conceive the world to be made by chance; the productions and regularity of nature proclaimed beyond contradiction an infinite power. But then he wished to infer from various circumstances, which he did not care to examine deeply, that this power had little concern with the affairs of men. He could not, he said, attribute human passions, hate, or love, to a perfect Being. That would be to form a Deity on heathen theology: and therefore, where there was neither love nor hatred, he could not suppose there could be either reward or punishment.

Then

Then again he thought, that to love God was presumptuous, to fear him, superstitious. Prayer he thought could be of no use, as it was not to be imagined the Deity was so weak as to be wrought on by the importunities of man. All religious worship, therefore, except, as he would say in a gay humour, a few hymns in celebration of the Divine Majesty, he supposed to be useless.

Two maxims in morality he confessed he could not but hold, however little he had lived up to them—that we should do nothing to injure another, nor any thing to prejudice ourselves,

selves, particularly our own health; but that the gratification of our appetites, when it did not interfere with either of these points, he endeavoured to persuade himself, was very lawful. It was unreasonable, he thought, to suppose they were put into man merely to be restrained.

It was his favourite doctrine, that self-interest governed the world; and that it was right it should do so. What was general benevolence, he would ask, but putting one man's happiness in the power of another? Whereas, if every man took care of himself, the business was in safer hands,

hands, and the end would be better answered.

Still however the doctrine of a future state recurred, notwithstanding all his endeavours to stifle it; and was more in his way than any thing else; as he could not believe the soul would be dissolved by death. What might become of it he could not pretend to say: but still he persuaded himself the doctrine of rewards and punishments was not connected with its immortality. That doctrine, he wished to believe, was big with absurdity. Heaven appeared to him too good for the best; and hell too bad for the worst. And indeed

indeed he conceived, if God was the good Being he was represented, he could not, consistently with that goodness, make any of his creatures miserable.

Thus he had formed a sort of religion for himself, which he had contrived to answer an unprincipled life. As for the religion of the bible, he found it of too rigid a texture to mould into any commodious form. He was obliged therefore to strike the bible entirely out of his scheme. In order to this, like other infidels, he would listen to no *evidence* in its favour; but thought every *objection*, though he
might

might have found it answered over and over, highly worth his attention.

As for the inspiration of the scriptures, he used to say, he knew not what it meant. He could not conceive how God should reveal his secrets to men: nor indeed could he see any occasion for revealed religion at all, as he had no idea of man's having been ever placed in a better state than he was in at present. And even if a revelation had been necessary, one should have thought it would have been more extensive; and have taken place long before the time of Augustus Cæsar. As to prophecies and miracles,

racles, the world had ever been full of
 such wonderful stories, and he sup-
 posed they all depended entirely on
 the credulity and folly of mankind.
 The scriptures, he thought, carried on
 their very face the marks of im-
 position: the stile and manner of writing,
 the various contradictions which he
 found in them, the disorder in point
 of time, and many other things, he
 owned, had sufficient weight with
 him to destroy their credibility.—Be-
 sides, he said if a man *could not believe*,
 which was his case, faith could neither
 be *forced* upon him nor *required*,
 and the mysteries of scripture, such

as

such as the Trinity, the Incarnation, the Atonement, and some others, were to him wholly incomprehensible.

But of all things he plumed his infidelity most upon the bad lives of the professors of Christianity. As the clergyman, he said, had studied religion, he must of course be best acquainted with the evidences of it: and if these evidences had no effect on him, it was shrewdly to be suspected there was no weight in them. When he saw clergymen therefore at court using so many mean arts, as he often did, in obtaining preferment, he could not suppose they conceived

better of the Christian religion than he himself did.

Thus we have taken a short view of the abandoned life of this uncommonly wicked profligate. We have seen the pleas he made use of to cover his vices; and the arguments he used with himself, such as they were, to strengthen his infidelity. His whole life indeed was only a struggle against conviction: for a man of his sense could not avoid perceiving that when he debased religion, he put a force upon nature.—Let us now see the end of all this: and how it concluded

cluded at length in the triumph of religion.

Whilst this noble profligate enjoyed his health, and met with no checks from nature in the pursuit of pleasure, all was well. His mind was occupied in a thousand pleasureable engagements, reflection was turned aside, and his conscience in a great degree silenced. — But vicious enjoyments have seldom an extended date. Before he had attained his thirtieth year Lord Rochester had out-run his constitution; and found every access of pleasure to be an access also of disease. He was now worn down to a

shadow; and consumptive symptoms were increasing daily upon him. But what threatened the most immediate danger, was an ulcer which his physicians thought was forming in his bladder. As it gave him however no great uneasiness, he hoped it might disperse without any fatal effects: and indeed he thought himself so well, that having occasion to visit his estate in Somersetshire, he undertook the journey with his usual impetuosity, and rode post. But the heat and violence of the exercise so inflamed the ulcer, which might probably with care and quietness have dispersed, that he

was

was obliged to return in his coach to Woodstock-lodge, very much out of order.

God affords all finners *opportunities of reflection*. Some circumstances in each man's life, which, if they were as properly accepted as they are graciously intended, would lead him to repentance. Some men are drawn by cords of love. But severe calamities only can bring others to reflection. When they feel the world failing under them, and its best promises ending in deceit, if they are not hardened beyond all reflection, they natu-

rally look round for something that can administer comfort.

This was the case of the Earl of Rochester. He had lived a pleasureable and a vicious life. The pleasure was gone, the remembrance of the wickedness alone was left. It shocked him to think he had given up his health, his fortune, his friends, his character, every thing in this world that was valuable, for what he now only remembered with horror.

But this was so far mere worldly compunction. It led however to more serious reflection. As this world failed, the next drew nearer :
and

and as he always had some conception of a future state, though he wished not to suppose it a state of retribution, his active mind could not help being anxious for better information. He knew he had never examined into these matters with any attention; and therefore could not but doubt his own crude reasonings, which never could amount to more than conjecture. His friends therefore, particularly his mother, the Countess Dowager of Rochester, endeavoured to get serious people about him: hoping they might put thoughts into his mind which his own active spirit would easily pursue. Among

these, the chief were Mr. Parsons, her chaplain, and Dr. Burnet, afterwards bishop of Salisbury. One or other of these was frequently with him, and by degrees he took pleasure in their conversation. To Dr. Burnet he shewed a particular attachment; and desired him, on his death-bed, to give the world an account of the conversations that passed between them. "I have done much mischief," said he, "in my life-time; I should wish to make some amends for it at my death."

To these two gentlemen Lord Rochester laid open, without scruple, all the vile opinions he had held in the
early

early part of his life. He never, he said, was satisfied with them. He always felt strong remorse of conscience; though too often he feared it was founded on his having ruined himself in this world. Yet sometimes he believed the disquietude of his mind had a better principle. "I remember once," said he, "at the house of a person of quality, where several of us profane young fellows had met together, I undertook the cause of atheism; and I was thought to have performed my part so well, that I was overwhelmed with applause. But as I left the company, I felt myself

“ myself exceedingly shocked at what
 “ had passed ; and could not help
 “ breaking out into some such solilo-
 “ quy as this : Good Heavens ! that
 “ a man who walks upright, who
 “ sees around him the wonderful
 “ works of God, and has the use of
 “ his senses and reason, could ever
 “ abuse them in so horridly prophane
 “ a manner ! ” Indeed, he would say,
 in the worst part of his life he never
 could, with all his reasoning, persuade
 himself into atheism. He was some-
 thing-like the devils : he *believed, and*
trembled.

At

At other times he would confess, that notwithstanding his own licentious actions, he always felt a secret value for an honest man; and always thought morality sat well on others. But he owned he had never felt any reverence for the gospel, nor had ever taken that pains in seeking into its evidence, which a matter of that *apparent* importance required. The first thing, he told Dr. Burnet, which made him think seriously of Christianity was a conversation he had with Mr. Parsons; who, speaking of prophecy, pointed out to him the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah; and shewed him

him how exactly the sufferings of our Saviour described there, agreed with the account given of them by the Evangelists; though it is certain the book of Isaiah was written many ages before our Saviour lived, and is esteemed by the Jews at this day to be divinely inspired. This comparison so entirely satisfied his understanding, that the Passion of our Saviour, he said, appeared as clear and plain to him, as any object he ever saw represented in a glass. The original and the image were exactly alike.—This passage from Isaiah he got by heart, and frequently soothed himself by repeating it.

And

And here let us pause a moment. As God affords all sinners *opportunities of reflection*, so does he likewise afford them various *means of conversion*, according to their various dispositions and different modes of thinking. One man is struck with the wonderful works of God. The imagination of another fastens on some beautiful analogy of nature. A third is awakened by some pious life he has read, or some sermon he has heard, or conversation that has struck him. A fourth is affected by the simplicity and purity of scriptural precepts or examples. From one or
other

other of these sources, or something else perhaps in the divine œconomy, which forcibly strikes his mind, the sinner will often, through the grace of God assisting his pious endeavours, take the beginning of a new life.— Lord Rochester, we have seen, was first brought to a sense of religion by the wonderful coincidence between the prophecies and the history of Christ.

Having thus gained, as it were, a glimpse of Christianity, his intuitive mind easily proceeded. From simply contemplating the sufferings of Christ, he began to inquire into the cause
of

of those sufferings. He saw in a strong light his own wicked life, and the heinousness of sin; and devoutly acknowledged the necessity of a Redeemer. "O blessed God!" he would cry, "can such a creature as I have been gain acceptance from thee! "Can there be any mercy for me! "Will God own such a wretch!—"Never, never," he would add, "but "through the infinite merits of a Redeemer—never, but by the purchase of his blood."—Then again, a sense of his own guilt flowing in strongly upon him, he would cry out (striking his hands together) he had
been

been the vilest dog the sun ever shone upon: and thought the life of a starving leper, crawling in a ditch, as he expressed himself, more enviable than a life like his.

In short, his whole frame being thus entirely changed, he carried into religion all those strong feelings and warm passions which had led him so violently astray in the paths of vice.

In a calmer interval, he would speak of the foolish and absurd philosophy of the late Mr. Hobbes and others of that stamp. "Aye," he would cry, "these were my ruin. These philosophers helped to undo me."

Then

Then laying his hand on the bible, he would say, "*There* is true philosophy.—This is the wisdom that speaks to the heart. A *bad life* is the only grand objection to this book. And it is surely a bad way in examining the truth of it, to *begin with cavilling*. Let us examine first the *evidence and tendency* of it, and try whether that will not blunt the edge of many *objections*."

In short, Christianity had taken such full possession of his mind, that although he had been at first awakened from his criminal life by dreadful apprehensions and horrors, his conver-

tion was now founded on a firm belief of the gospel ; his mind became daily more calm ; and he prayed to God with all earnestness for his grace and holy spirit to assist him in keeping steady to the resolutions he had formed. In his devotions he would sometimes use his own prayers ; which Mr. Parsons, who was often with him at prayer, used to say were truly excellent.

As his heart seemed thus changed, the habits of his life were changed with it.

He

He was very solicitous to have all his debts paid ; many of which he had contracted without any design of paying them at all.

Acts of restitution also he ordered, when restitution was in his power. When it was not, he prayed to God earnestly to forgive him, and mercifully to accept a sincere intention.

The thoughts of his corrupt writings gave him great distress. They could not be recalled ; but he hoped that whoever heard of them, would hear also of the distress they had given him. Such of his writings however as were unpublished, all his lascivious

pictures, and every thing else that had a bad tendency, he strictly ordered his executors to burn.

Injuries which he had received himself, many of them great, and provoking, he declared in the presence of God he forgave from his heart; and was ready to do any act of kindness in his power to those who had offended him.

He had formerly indulged an uncommonly profane habit of swearing. Oaths made a part of his usual conversation; and when he was heated, they were frightful. But he had now so wholly mastered this vile habit, that

bishop

bishop Burnet tells us, when fits of pain came upon him, which were frequent and violent, he never heard any thing like an oath escape him. On one occasion indeed, when he was suffering under an acute paroxysm of his disorder, and had sent a servant for something, which he thought he might have brought sooner, he cried out, "That d——d fellow I suppose is lost." When the bishop remarked it, he said, "Aye, you see how the language of fiends still hangs about me. —Who deserves d——g so much as myself?—God forgive me!" Except on this occasion, the bishop ob-

serves, he never heard even a hasty expression come from him. To his servants indeed, during his whole illness, he was kind, considerate, and even affectionate; giving them as little trouble as he could help, and apologizing for every extraordinary trouble he was obliged to put upon them. His regard for them he still shewed more effectually in his will.

Among his other faults, he had shewn much unkindness to his relations. He had paid little respect to his mother, he had neglected his Lady, and been inattentive to his children. His behaviour in all these instances

was now wholly changed. To his mother it was respectful in the greatest degree; to his Lady, tender and affectionate. She was a very amiable woman; and having been recovered from the church of Rome, in which she had been brought up, it gave him, he said, unspeakable satisfaction to receive the holy sacrament with her from the hands of a protestant clergyman. Her gentle attention to him in his illness, which was unwearied, filled him with the tenderest remorse, and a thousand nameless sensibilities. For his children's happiness he seemed highly concerned. He had a son and

three daughters; and would often call them to him, and speak to them in so affecting a manner as no words but his own could express. Once, as the bishop was sitting by him when his children were with him, he cried out, "See how good God has been to me
 ^ "in giving me so many blessings!—
 "What an ungracious dog have I
 "been!"

On another occasion, speaking of the great concern he was under for their pious education, he earnestly hoped his son would never be a wit; that is, said he, one of those wretched beings who pride themselves in scoff-
 ing

ing at God and religion. An honest and religious man, he added, is a character beyond any thing fortune and honours have to give. He then blessed them, and prayed for them, and committed them to the protection of God.

It was a favourite topic with him, whenever he had opportunity, to set himself up as a melancholy example to deter others from a bad life.—A gentleman of some quality called one day to see him. “Aye, look at me,” said Lord Rochester, “and see what
“a man is reduced to, who has
“spent his life in scoffing at God and
“religion.

"religion. You and I, my good
 "friend, have been old finners toge-
 "ther; and therefore I am the more
 "free with you. I hope you will see
 "your wickedness, as I have seen
 "mine. Depend upon it, my friend,
 "we have been mistaken in our con-
 "ceits. Our opinions are ill-found-
 "ed. Therefore may God grant you
 "repentance!"

Bishop Burnet also tells us, that
 Lord Rochester gave him in charge,
 a little before his death, to tell a
 certain person from him, for whose
 welfare he was much concerned, that
 although there were nothing to come
 after

after this life, yet all the pleasures he had ever known in sin, would have been ill bought with half the torture he had felt on the recollection of them.

Thus this noble Lord had done much in a little time. His sins had been great; his repentance was severe; and as his hours shortened he became perfectly composed; and expressed a willingness, and even a wish, to die. He hoped he should never relapse, if God should grant him a longer life: but he thought he could never expect to be in a better state to die than he was in at that time. “And indeed,”

says

says bishop Burnet, " I had every
 " reason to believe him perfectly sin-
 " cere. I remember," continues the
 bishop, " after his having had many
 " sleepless nights, a dose of laudanum
 " was administered to him without
 " his knowledge. The effect of it
 " was a most refreshing sleep. In the
 " morning he found himself so per-
 " fectly well, that he thought his dis-
 " order was now come to a crisis ; and
 " that nothing ailed him but weak-
 " ness, which he supposed would in a
 " little time go off. As he was fully
 " possessed with this idea, he enter-
 " tained me with the scheme of his
 " future

“future life. He would retire from
 “the world, he said, and spend the
 “remainder of his days in study, in-
 “nocence, and piety.” And the
 bishop had no doubt but he was sin-
 cere; and that if he had lived, he
 would have put all this in execution.
 The joys of religion seemed to have
 taken so much hold of him, that it
 was not likely he would ever again
 have given them up for the pleasures
 of sin.

But this relaxation from pain was
 soon over. When the refreshment of
 the night went off, it left him in the
 same state in which it found him.

Two

Two days longer he languished.—But nature was now entirely exhausted. The discharge from the ulcer was so great, that his whole body was in a manner consumed. He was frequently also in violent pain: and from lying so long in one posture, the depressed parts began to mortify. Notwithstanding however all this distress, his composure and resignation were wonderful. He spoke little; was heard to pray fervently; and on the 26th of July 1680, in the thirty-third year of his age, he died at Woodstock-park in Oxfordshire.—About a month before he died he dictated the following

ing paper, which he signed with his own hand ; and had it regularly attested.

For the benefit of all those whom I may have drawn into sin by my example and encouragement, I leave to the world this my last declaration, which I deliver in the presence of the great God, who knows the secrets of all hearts, and before whom I am now appearing to be judged—that from the bottom of my soul I detest and abhor the whole course of my former wicked life ; and that I think I can never sufficiently admire the goodness of God, who has
given

given me a true sense of the pernicious opinions and vile practices in which I have hitherto lived, without hope, and without God in the world; having been an open enemy to Jesus Christ, and doing the utmost despight to the Holy Spirit of Grace; and that the greatest testimony of my charity to such is, to warn them in the name of God, and as they regard the welfare of their immortal souls, no more to deny his being or his providence, or despise his goodness; no more to make a mock of sin, or condemn the pure and excellent religion of my ever blessed Redeemer, through whose merits alone, I, one of
 the

*the greatest of sinners, do yet hope for
mercy and forgiveness. Amen.*

ROCHESTER.

*Declared and signed, June the 19th,
1680, in the presence of*

ANNE ROCHESTER.

ROBERT PARSONS.

Such was the life of this very extraordinary man. It resolves itself into three distinct periods; each, in its way, equally wonderful. In the first, he appeared in the polite world as the most accomplished gentleman of his time. In the second, he be-

M

came

came the most abandoned profligate; and in the last, the most sincere penitent.

What a happy man might he have been, if he could have kept his desires within the bounds of virtue, and have added religion to the blessings he enjoyed! He had every thing that the world could give: but grasping at pleasure in excess, he found it misery. A harassed mind and a diseased body were the fruits of his vicious pleasures,—the loss of every worldly enjoyment,—and, at a period when life is in its prime, the decrepitude of age.

He

He had the wisdom however at last to turn his sufferings to account, and see his errors before it was too late. But what remorse, horror, and anguish did it cost him, before he arrived at that peaceful serenity which he might with innocence have enjoyed to a late period of life.

Some are inclined, through zeal for the honour of God, to take from the force of these extraordinary conversions, by supposing that God arbitrarily vouchsafes a peculiar influx of his grace to one man, which he denies to another; that we have nothing there-

fore to do in the work of such conversions ourselves: they are the entire work of God; and the greater the sinner, the more abundant often is the grace.

No doubt it is a doctrine of scripture, that all our goodness is derived from God: but it is the doctrine of scripture also that our own endeavours must co-operate with God's goodness, and make his grace effectual. When we are told, that *God worketh in us both to will and to do of his good pleasure*; that is, through his good pleasure that he worketh in us at all; we are told also, that *we are*

to

to work out our own salvation with fear and trembling. Every opinion therefore, however well-meant, which has a *tendency* to check our own pious endeavours, and to lay the *whole work*, if I may so speak, on God, appears to be equally unscriptural and mischievous.

St. Paul's case is mentioned, and that of the thief on the cross, as instances of sudden and peculiar effusions of grace. But neither of them seems to be a case in point. St. Paul was a man of great piety. His disposition was always good; and his practice agreeable to what he thought

the will of God. He was only under a violent prejudice, which it pleased God to remove by an *open miracle*.

As to the thief on the cross, we may suppose he had then the first *religious opportunity* he had ever had, and that the sight of his suffering Saviour wrought in him at once a full conviction. The history does not give us the least ground for more, or to believe he received any *peculiar* interference of grace, which was denied to his companion.

In short, we are *not* told in what *manner* the grace of God co-operates with man. But we *are* told, that

God

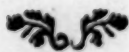
God is *no respecter of persons*: and every part of scripture enjoins us the practice of a holy life founded on our faith in Christ.

Others again, who are less concerned about religion, would take from the force of such conversions, by attributing them to a melancholy oppression of spirits, or by resolving them into enthusiasm or superstition. But why should any of these causes be assigned to Lord Rochester's conversion? Does it appear from the history of his life that he was under any oppression of spirits, that he was under any fear but what

was the effect of guilt, which is the very medium of every conversion ; and which all wicked men must feel, before they can be brought to a sense of their wickedness ? Does it appear that there was any thing enthusiastic or superstitious in his ideas of Christianity ? and particularly in his declaration at his death ? or, in short, does it appear that he held any opinion which all sober Christians do not at all times hold ? If so, why should we attribute to a bad cause what has the fairest pretensions to the best ?

Besides, all who were about Lord Rochester at the time of his death,
speak

ſpeak of his faculties as perfectly lucid, and equal to what they had ever been. Biſhop Burnet perhaps takes more than ordinary pains to wipe off any ſuppoſition that at the time of his death he was under any particular weakneſs of imagination; and ſpeaks of the great vivacity of his diſcourſe, which was equal at that time to what he had ever obſerved in the days of his moſt perfect health.



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MEMOIRS
OF
NAIMBANNA,
A YOUNG AFRICAN PRINCE.

MEMOIRS

OF

NATHAN A.

A YOUNG AMERICAN PRINCE

(174)

They spoke to him about the slave trade, and gave him to understand that they were to have it abolished. He was convinced of its wickedness, and he

WHEN the Sierra Leone Company were first settled, they endeavoured to bring over to their friendship all the petty African princes in their neighbourhood. Among others, they applied to a chief of the name of Naimbanna, who was remarkable for a good disposition and an acute understanding. He easily saw the intention of the company was friendly to Africa, and entered into amity with them.

They

They spoke to him about the slave-trade, and gave him reasons for wishing to have it abolished. He was convinced of its vileness; and declared, that not one of his subjects should ever go into slavery again.

By degrees they began to talk to him about religion. But he was rather wary on that head. It seems he had received a prejudice against Christianity from the following circumstance.

The Portugueze had, at that time, several missionaries about the country, who, under the pretence of preaching Christianity, sold charms to the natives;

tives; and in exchange received ivory, gold dust, and other commodities for the merchants by whom they were employed. Among their converts was one of Naimbanna's chief friends, who had afterwards many conversations with Naimbanna on the subject of religion; and endeavoured to make a convert of him also. He told Naimbanna that the Christian religion was the best religion in the world; for a man could do nothing so bad, which the priests of that religion would not forgive for a mere trifle. Naimbanna, with great acuteness of mind, told him he thought a good religion would
 never

never suffer that, and refused to be a Christian. On talking therefore with the gentlemen of the factory on this subject, and finding they professed Christianity as well as the Portuguese missionaries, he concluded their tenets were the same, and paid little attention to them.

By degrees, however, he found that the factory contained a very good sort of people; that they lived happily among themselves, and did not sell pardons for gold dust, as the Portuguese did. He began therefore to think more favourably both of them and their religion.

But

But though it appears he had a much juster opinion of Christianity than he had received from the Portuguese missionaries, yet he was still backward either in receiving it himself, or in making it the religion of his country. He was well convinced of the barbarous state of his own people, on a comparison with Europeans, and wished for nothing more than a reformation among them, especially in religion. But as he found there were several kinds of religion in the world, he wished to know which was the best, before he introduced any.

To ascertain this point as well as he could, he took the following method. He sent one of his sons into Turkey, among the Mahometans; a second into Portugal, among the Papists, supposing probably that the missionaries did not teach their religion properly, and a third he recommended to the Sierra Leone Company, desiring they would send him into England, to be there instructed in the religion of the country. By the report of his sons, it appears, he meant to be directed in the choice of a national religion.

Of the two former of these young men we have no particulars; only that

that one of them became very vicious. It is the last mentioned, though I believe the eldest, who bore his father's name, Naimbanna, to whom this account belongs. The Sierra Leone Company received the charge of him with great pleasure, believing that nothing could have a better effect in promoting their benevolent schemes, than making him a good Christian.

Young Naimbanna was a perfect African in his form. He was black, had woolly hair, thick lips, and that blunt singularity of feature, with which the African face is commonly marked. While he was with the

company, he seemed a well-disposed, tractable youth; but when opposed, impatient, fierce, and subject to violent passions.

In the first ship that sailed, he was sent to England, where he arrived in the year 1791. We may imagine with what astonishment he surveyed every object that came before him: but his curiosity in prudent hands became from the first the medium of useful instruction.

During his voyage he had picked up a little of the English language; to which he was not a perfect stranger when he embarked. He had gotten
hold

hold of several words and phrases; and though he could not speak it with any degree of fluency, he could understand much of what he heard spoken; which greatly facilitated his learning it, when he came to it in a more regular way.

The difficulty of learning to speak and read, being in a great degree subdued he was put upon the grand point for which he was sent into England—that of being instructed in the Christian religion. The gentlemen to whose care he had been recommended, alternately took him under their protection; and each gave up

his whole time to him, faithfully discharging the trust he had voluntarily and without any emolument undertaken.

Niambanna was first convinced that the bible was the word of God; the most material parts of which, of the Old Testament as well as of the New, were explained to him. The great necessity of a Saviour from the sinfulness of man was pointed out, the end and design of Christianity, its doctrines, its precepts, and its sanctions, were all made intelligible to him. With a clearness of understanding, which astonished those who took the
care

care of instructing him, he made these divine truths familiar to him: and having no prejudices to oppose but the absurdities of his own country, which were easily subdued, he received the gospel with joy; and carried it home to his heart as the means of happiness both in this world and the next.

His love for reading the scriptures, and hearing them read, was such, that he was never tired of the exercise*.

* Mrs. H. More, who knew him well, informed the author, that although she never saw Naimbanna fatigued with this exercise, he had often fatigued her with reading the scripture at his desire incessantly to him.

Every other part of learning that he was put upon, as arithmetic for instance, was heavy work with him; and he soon began to complain of fatigue: but even when he was most fatigued, if he was asked to read in the bible, he was always ready; and generally expressed his readiness by some emotions of joy. In short, he considered the bible as the rule which was to direct his life; and he made a real use of every piece of instruction he obtained from it. This was evident in all his actions. If his behaviour was at any time wrong, and a passage of Scripture was shewn to him, which
for-

forbad the impropriety or wrong behaviour, whatever it was, he instantly complied with the rule he received. Of this there were many instances.

One related to dress. He had a little touch of vanity about him, was fond of finery, admired it in other people, and was always ready to adorn himself. His kind instructors told him these were childish inclinations; that decency and propriety of dress were pleasing, but that foppery was disgusting. Above all, they told him the scripture idea was very different. The Christian was ordered to be *cloathed with humility*; and to put on the
orna-

ornament of a *meek and quiet spirit*. Such passages, whenever they were suggested to him, checked all the little vanities of his heart; and made him ashamed of what he had just before so eagerly desired.

The irritable passions, where lay his weakest side, were conquered in the same way. His friends once carried him to the House of Commons to hear a debate on the slave trade; which Colonel Tarlton defended with some warmth. When Niambanna came out of the House, he exclaimed with great vehemence and indignation, that he would kill that man where-
ever

ever he met him ; for he told stories of his country. He told people that his countrymen would not work ; and that was a great story. His countrymen would work ; but Englishmen would not buy work, they would buy only men. His friends told him he should not be so angry with Colonel Tarlton ; for perhaps he had been misinformed, and knew no better. Besides, they told him, that at any rate, he had no right to kill him ; for God says, *Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord.* This calmed him in a moment : and he never afterwards expressed the least indignation
at

at Colonel Tarlton ; but would have been ready to have shewn him any friendly office, if it had fallen in his way.

At another time, when he saw a drayman using his horse ill, he fired at it exceedingly ; and declared in a violent passion he would get a gun and shoot that fellow directly. He would always, he said, carry a gun about him to kill such sort of people, for they deserved to be killed. But his anger was presently assuaged by some such passage from scripture, as, *Be ye angry, and sin not : let not the sun go down upon your wrath.*

Among

Among the difficulties in which his new religion involved him, one respected his wives. He had married three; but he clearly saw the New Testament allowed only one. What should he do with the other two? Then again, if he should repudiate two of them, which should he retain? In justice he thought he should keep her whom he had married first. But she was not the wife of his affections. He loved the second best. In short, he shewed so much tenderness of conscience on this and every other point, that he seemed anxious about nothing but *to know what his religion required*
him

him to do. When he could determine the *rectitude* of an action, he set an example to Christians, by shewing he thought there was no difficulty in the *performance*. Whether he met with any casuist, to set him right in the matter of his wives, I never heard. It is certain, however, that while he continued in England he shewed no sign, in any instance, of infidelity to his African engagements.

With regard to liquor, which is a great temptation to an African, he was from the first perfectly sober. He said, his father had ordered him never to drink more at a time than a
single

single glass of wine, when he came into England; and he considered his father's injunction as sacred. It was probably founded on the knowledge of his son's warmth of temper, which he feared wine might inflame. On this head therefore all the instruction he wanted was to turn his temperance into a Christian virtue, by practising it with a sincere desire to please God.

Among the gay scenes which Naimbanna could not but often see, he never mixed. His friends were very solicitous to keep him from all pleasurable dissipation, which might possibly have corrupted that beautiful simplicity

city of mind which was so characteristic in him: though indeed he never shewed a desire to join in any diversion which they did not entirely approve. Dancing assemblies were the only meetings of amusement for which he shewed the least inclination. But though his friends were unwilling to trust him in any gay promiscuous meetings of that kind, they were very ready to indulge him in a dance at home; and he enjoyed the exercise with great alacrity, jumping and capering, after the manner of his country, with an agility which was too violent for any body but himself.—

He

He was fond also of riding on horse-back ; but when he got upon a horse there was no governing his desire of rapid motion.

He had now been a year and a half in England, and had been well instructed in the Christian religion, which he perfectly understood. He was baptized therefore, and now only waited for the first opportunity of going home, which did not happen till about five or six months afterwards.

In the mean time two great points were the burthen of his thoughts, and

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gave him much distress. The first related to his father, whose death he had heard had happened about a year after he left the country. The great cause of his solicitude was his uncertainty whether his father had died a Christian. He knew he had been well-disposed to Christianity : but he had never heard whether he had fully embraced it.

His other difficulty regarded himself. He had now attained the end he aimed at. He had been instructed in a religion which he was convinced would promote the happiness of his people, if it could be established among

among them. But how was that to be done? With regard to himself, he had had wise and learned men to instruct him. But what could his abilities do in such a work?—especially considering the wild and savage manners of his countrymen. In every light, the greatness of the attempt perplexed him.

With a mind distressed by these difficulties, he took an affectionate leave of his kind friends in England, and embarked for Africa in one of the company's ships, which was named after him, the Naimbanna.

On the departure of this amiable youth, we cannot help sympathizing with his generous feelings on the state of his country, which all humane people must unite in deploring. Much do we admire the Sierra Leone Company for their beneficent endeavours to rescue it from that miserable state of darkness in which it is involved. But nothing perhaps places its wretched bondage in a more striking light, than such a character as we have just been exhibiting. When we were taught to believe the African had scarce a rank among human beings, it injured our feelings less to think of
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the base condition to which he was reduced. But when we see in him such instances of fine affections, such generous sentiments, such aptitude to receive religious truth, and have every reason to believe that instances of this kind are to be found, more or less, in all parts of this unhappy country * ; what a shocking idea does

* That a real and general conversion of the negroes is no romantic project, but a thing perfectly practicable; and that it would be highly beneficial both to the slaves and their proprietors, is evident from the progress already made in this work by the Moravian Missionaries. In the Danish islands of St. Thomas, St. Croix, and St. John, they have profelyted near 6000
 o 3 negroes.

does it present to see all these fine feelings damped, and thousands of

negroes. They have also a congregation of several thousand in the island of Antigua; and I have been assured, by a gentleman of credit who saw them at public worship, that their deportment was remarkably serious, devout, and edifying. And they so greatly surpass all the other slaves in sobriety, diligence, quietness, fidelity, and obedience, that the planters are anxious to have their negroes put under the direction of the Missionaries.—See a note in the XVII. Sermon, Vol. I. of Bishop Porteus's Sermons.

We may suppose that the Africans are just as susceptible of these divine truths in a state of liberty as in a state of slavery, and that the Moravian Missionaries would be as well inclined to attend them in Africa as in the West-Indies.

these

these wretched sufferers, with all their generous propensities about them, lost to themselves, and to society, and dragged away into all the misery, and abject necessities which follow slavery!

We left Naimbanna embarking for Africa, in a state of mind rather tending to despondency. He had too much sensibility about him to enjoy any settled repose. Though he had always shewn great affection for his own country and relations, yet the kindnesses he had received from his friends in England had impressed him

strongly ; and it was not without a great struggle that he broke away from them at last.

The distress he felt was the greater, as the society he now mixed in at sea was very different from that he had left behind. The profligate manners and licentious language of the ship's company shocked him exceedingly. The purity of his mind could not bear it. He hoped in a Christian country he should always have found himself among Christians. But he was greatly disappointed. The company he was in appeared to him as ignorant and uninformed as his own savage country-

countrymen ; and much less innocent in their manners. At length the oaths, and abominable conversation he continually heard, disgusted him so much, that he complained to the captain of the ship, and desired him to put a stop to such indecent language. The captain endeavoured to check it ; but with little effect ; which gave Naimbanna new distress.

But still the great burden of his mind was the difficulty he foresaw in his attempt to introduce Christianity among his countrymen. Many were the schemes he thought of ; but insuperable

superable obstacles seemed to arise on every side.

All this perplexity which his active and generous mind underwent, recoiled upon himself. His thoughts were continually on the stretch; and, as it was thought, at length occasioned a fever, which seized him, as his voyage was nearly at an end. His malady increasing, was attended with a delirium, which left him only few lucid intervals. In these his mind always shone out full of religious hope and patient resignation to the will of God.

During

During one of these intervals he told Mr. Graham, (a fellow-passenger with whom he was most intimate,) that he began to think he should be called away before he had an opportunity to tell his mother of the mercies of God towards him, and of his obligations to the Sierra Leone Company. He then desired him to take pen and ink and write his will. The will, as follows, was written in the presence of Captain Wooles, and of James Cato, a black servant who attended Naimbanna. It was afterwards regretted, that Mr. Graham had not written the will exactly in the language which

Naim-

Naimbanna dictated, instead of giving it a legal cast.

On board the Naimbanna,
July 14, 1793.

I, Henry Granville Naimbanna, having been for some days very unwell, and being apprehensive that I may not reach my friends, have communicated the underwritten, in the presence of the subscribers.—It is my will and desire, that my brother Bartholomew do pay to the Sierra Leone Company thirteen tons of rice, or the value thereof, being in consideration of the sums expended by the said company on
my

my account.—And likewise, that my said brother shall pay the sum of fifty pounds sterling to Henry Thornton Esq, for money advanced by him on my account.—It is my will also, that my brother Bartholomew shall possess all my estates, real and personal, till my son Lewis shall be of age ; and that he shall deliver unto my said son all that he receives from me for him ; and that he will always endeavour to be on a good understanding with the Sierra Leone Company. I particularly request him, as far as he can, to oppose the slave trade ; and that nothing injurious may be imputed to the Sierra Leone Company
by

by any evil-minded men, whose interest may be to oppose that worthy company. —I here declare, in the presence of that God in whom I place my trust, that during my stay in England I always enjoyed very good health, and received the greatest kindness from all those whose care I was under ; and that at my leaving England I was in perfect health.—It is likewise my request, that my brother shall send to the Suzee country for the cows that belonged to my father ; and that he will present three of them to the Governor and Council of the Sierra Leone Company : and if he does not find that number of cows, that he

will

will purchase three others, and give them in my name.—I farther desire, that my brother will pay James Dean Cato, who attended me as my servant, the sum of five bars.—

When Mr. Graham had written thus far, Niambanna complained of fatigue; and said he would finish his will after he had taken a little rest. But soon after, his fever came on with increased violence, and his delirium scarce ever left him afterwards.

In this will, we see the workings of his generous mind, which seems chiefly to have been intent on two things

things—the remuneration of his friends (though they would not accept his kind legacies) and the prevention of any mischief befalling the company from his dying in their hands. It is probable, if he had finished his will, he would have added other legacies; for several English gentlemen were kind to him, as well as Mr. Thornton.

The night after Naimbanna had made his will the vessel, though close on the African coast, durst not attempt to land, as the wind was contrary, and there was danger of running on the Scarries bank. The next morning however, though the wind was still contrary,

contrary, Mr. Graham went off to the settlement in an open boat to procure medical aid. But when the physician came on board, the poor youth was only just alive: and in that state he was carried to the settlement the next morning, July the 17th, when the ship came to an anchor.

On the first account of Naimbanna's illness, an express had been sent to inform his friends at Robanna: and soon after he landed, his mother, brothers, sister, and other relations came to the settlement. His wives, it is probable, lived in some distant part,

as they are not mentioned. The distracted looks of his mother, and the wildness of his sister's grief affected every one. His cousin Henry, an ingenuous youth who stood among them, attracted the attention of all by the solemn sorrow of his countenance, which seemed to discover a heart full of tenderness and woe. His brother Bartholomew was the only one who appeared little concerned, and gave much offence to the gentlemen of the factory by the indifference of his behaviour.

In the mean time, the dying youth appeared every moment drawing nearer
the

the close of life. His voice failing more and more, the little he said was with difficulty understood. Once or twice those around him caught hold of something like our Saviour's words, *Many are called, but few are chosen.*

About an hour before he died his voice wholly failed. He was awhile restless and uneasy; till turning his head on his pillow, he found an easier posture, and lay perfectly quiet. About seven o'clock in the evening of the same day on which he was brought on shore he expired without a groan.

When his mother and other relations found his breath was gone, their shrieks and agonizing cries were distressing beyond measure. Instantly, in a kind of frantic madness, they snatched up his body, hurried it into a canoe, and went off with it to Robanna.

Some of the gentlemen of the factory immediately followed in boats with a coffin. When the corpse was laid decently into it, Mr. Horne, the clergyman, read the funeral service over it, amidst a number of people; and finished with an extempore prayer. The ceremony was conducted with so much

much solemnity, and performed in so affecting a manner, that the impression was communicated through the whole ignorant crowd. They drew closer and closer as Mr. Horne continued to speak; and though they understood not a syllable of what he said, they listened to him with great attention, and bore witness, with every mark of sorrow, to the powers of sympathy.—After the ceremony was over, the gentlemen of the factory retired to their boats, leaving the corpse, as his friends desired, to be buried after the manner of the country.—We mix our grief with

theirs ; and shut up in the inscrutable counsels of God all inquiries into the reasons why so invaluable a life was permitted to be cut off, just at the time of its greatest probable utility.

In his pocket-book were found, after his death, two little notes, which shew the wonderful sensibility of his mind in religious matters. They relate to a circumstance already taken notice of—the disgust he took at the behaviour of the ship's company. The first seems to have been written soon after he embarked.

I shall

I shall take care of this company which I now fallen into, for they swears good deal, and talks all manner of wickedness and filthy. All these things can I be able to resist this temptation? No, I cannot, but the Lord will deliver me.

The other memorandum was probably written after he had complained to the captain.

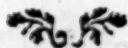
June 28, 1793.—I have this day declared, that if Sierra Leone's vessels should be like to Naimbanna, or have a company like her, I will never think of coming to England again, though I have friends there as dear to me as the last

*words my father spoke, when he gave
up the ghost.*

It was not however without reason that Naimbanna, who knew his countrymen, had been so solicitous in his will to settle the state of his health when he left England. Though the people appeared pleased at first with the attention which the company had shewn to their young prince, yet a rumour soon began to spread, and gain credit among them, that he had been poisoned by the captain of the ship; and a spirit was rising in the country, in some degree fomented, it

was

was supposed, by Naimbanna's brother Bartholomew, which seemed to forebode disagreeable consequences. The company had occasion for all their address to satisfy the people, and bring them to a right understanding of the case; which, however, they at length with great prudence effected.



THE CONCLUSION

FROM THE WHOLE.

THE observations which seem naturally to arise from these several little histories are these :

The two first exemplify, that if a man of fortune would live most at his ease he must live *within* his income; that a moderate and temperate use of the blessings which God hath intrusted to him, affords as much happiness

as

as those blessings can produce, much more than a licentious abuse of them; that his enjoyments are in fact multiplied by distributing from his overplus to those in need; that this can only be done by œconomy, and the abridgment of many of his own desires; that a religious life is the only means of procuring him *real happiness in this world*; that fortune alone can never be a source of happiness; that no fortune can secure a man against the misery and distress which folly and extravagance occasion; that when vice is added to folly and extravagance, they never fail to pro-

produce in conjunction, a very complicated scene of misery; that a profligate man of fortune is a curse to his neighbourhood: in return for the blessings which God hath given him, he first corrupts his own family; and then by his licentious manners spreads vice and dissipation through the country: and lastly, that although few men attain so *perfect a character*, or can be so *basely depraved*, as the two persons here represented, yet in the same proportion in which they approach the one character or the other, they will feel the happiness or misery which naturally belongs to each.

In

In the next memoir the effects of religion on our *future interests* are chiefly considered. It would be an unfaithful picture, unless it pointed out the temporal calamities also consequent on vice; but its primary intention is to illustrate *the triumph of religion over wickedness*.

The most *accomplished libertine* cannot pretend to more shining qualities, or greater powers of mind, than Lord Rochester possessed. If a man of his parts and knowledge therefore could not satisfy himself with his deistical arguments, it is hardly to be supposed that other infidels of inferior parts

parts can hit upon arguments that are more satisfactory. They should learn therefore to be a little more modest, and to doubt whether their own conclusions are quite so safe as they are willing to believe them.

Again, the most *abandoned libertine* cannot enjoy more of the guilty pleasures of life than Lord Rochester did. If then these guilty pleasures, when enjoyed in the highest degree, ended in the keenest distress; if nothing could remove this distress but a sincere repentance, and the hopes of forgiveness through the atonement of Christ; if religion thus gave peace and happiness

to one of the greatest sinners that ever lived ; if it, and it alone, could quiet his dying moments, and make him happier in the thoughts of leaving the world, than he had ever been in possessing it ; it follows, that the pleasures of sin are merely the baits of wickedness ; that religion alone affords solid comfort ; and is indeed that alone on which we can depend for happiness in every circumstance, and in every period of our lives.

The last of these memoirs shews religion in that *genuine purity* in which we seldom see it. Amidst the refinements of learning and philosophy,
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the courtesies of the world, the maxims of trade, and corrupting amusements of life, we see Christianity tricked out in a variety of dresses, in which it is always disguised, and often deformed. Were we with honest and open hearts to see religion stripped of all these false colours, it would strike *us*, as it did the *early ages*, to whom it was first preached, with its powerful influence *in improving the nature of man*.

To illustrate this truth is the business of the little narrative before us. A rude African comes among us, totally void of all ideas of religion.

He

He is kept aloof from the pleasurable and corrupting scenes of life. Christianity in its genuine form is placed before him. From his own wants and imperfections he infers its necessity. From its holiness he infers its truth; he imbibes its genius; he changes his savage manners; he becomes a new man; he is shocked at vice in the professors of Christianity; and sees no difference himself between *knowing* his duty and *practising* it.

In short, the story of Naimbanna is a beautiful illustration of our blessed Saviour's injunction to *receive*

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the gospel as little children: and it should convince us, that if *we* are desirous to receive it in this manner, we should endeavour carefully to separate it from the customs and practices of the world; which is one of the most necessary, and at the same time one of the severest duties of a state of trial.

THE END.



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